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THE

WORKS

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ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

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BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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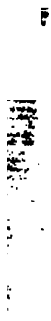

POPE'S HOMER.

THE ILIAD.

VOLUME II.

a 2

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THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaxes), aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriours, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous: Deïphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea beat [illegible]
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering [illegible],
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle through the well fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that fired insufferable light.
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days,
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innocuous, seek their simple food;
Jove sees delighted, and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men.
No aid, he deems, to either hoff is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.
Mean time the * Monarch of the watery main
Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'ethung the deeps below,
State, and round him call his azure eyes,
Here Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;

Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sate; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury flung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands;
This having reach'd, his brass hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He fits supreme, and the chariot flies;
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave;

[redacted]

If yet some heavenly Power your breast inspire,
Breathe in your hearts, and bring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his sceptre, that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and fired their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and dwells in their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky;
Such, and so swift, the power of Ocean flew,
The wide bottom that him from their view.
The inspiring God, Oileus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, some God in human form
Favouring defends, and wills to guard the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And learn to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns.
New rising Spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;

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MDCCLXXIX.

Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill purſued,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrough
The ſoldier's baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards if your king 's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
  Theſe words the Grecians' fainting hearts inſpire
And liſtening armies catch the god-like fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight;

Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A cloſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Defending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gathering force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.

Trojans

'Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
'Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.

He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The 'Trojan warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruitless blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe;
Then to the ships with furly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By 'Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
'The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to 'Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
'The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And blest'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
('This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the house of Troy.)

oy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
arch'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
riam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
d, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
eucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
ans beneath the Telamonian spear.
n some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
d by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
ils its verdant trefles on the ground:
the youth; his arms the fall resound.
eucer rushing to despoil the dead,
lestor's hand a shining javelin fled.
, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
s, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
as his courage, and his race divine!
e he falls; his clanging arms resound,
broad buckler thunders on the ground.
e his beamy helm the victor flies,
it had fatten'd on the dazzling prize,
Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
d, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
nis corselet, and bear off the slain.
n the leaders of th' Athenian line
us the brave, Menestheus the divine)
'd Amphimachus, fast object I lies;
s remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.

As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blo
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory viſage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlai
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hand
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His penſive brow the generous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſ
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies:

Where 's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt?

To whom the king: On Greece no blame be t
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains

* Amphimachus.

Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
t far, far diſtant from our native home
s us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
rms or counſels, now perform thy beſt,
what thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
hus he; and thus the God, whoſe force can make
ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake:
never may he ſee his native land,
feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
dares to combat on this ſignal day!
this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine:
ether let us battle on the plain;
, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
his ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns;
't to his tent the Cretan king returns.
n thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
ce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,
ch to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
errifies th' offending world with wars;
reamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
n pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
s his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
m'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.

Him;

Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gol
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;

nd were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
r'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
i that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
he fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt,
) force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
: ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
dropping ſweat creeps cold on every part,
gainſt his boſom beats his quivering heart;
:rrour and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
'ith chattering teeth he ſtands, and ſtiffening hair,
nd looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
ot ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
nchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
)mpos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
nd fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
aught diſturb the tenour of his breaſt,
'is but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch aſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
nd every art of dangerous war thy own.
r chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
hoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
ch as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
it why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
ınd we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
)—from my conquer'd ſpears the choiceſt take,
nd to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
nd breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
Mars armipotent invades the plain
The wide deſtroyer of the race of man).

Terrour,

Terrour, his beſt-lov'd ſon, attends his courſe
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force
The pride of haughty warriours to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs, they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murderous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horrour o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion; Shall we join the fight?
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd),
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there;
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame;
Safe in their arms, the navy ſcorns no flame;
'Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax falls not on th' enſanguin'd ground;
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.

Then

[redacted]

Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die
He laid; and Merion to the appointed place,
Pierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Sulk like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The eiling combat bounds along the shore
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters lowsp the lady plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together drivin,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Stiffled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breast plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Fremen lous seen'd that general horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And scouds of heroes in their anger dy'd
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis' son
To crown with glory Peleus' god like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, eiling from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with Ilion's disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train
Gods of one lineage, of one ethereal race,
Like divine, and heaven their native place;

But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he strik'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound;
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell;
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?

[redacted]

To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Ænus view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain,
(His crouded courfers, to his squire confign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear.
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain oak, or poplar fall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the off-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin over the ground;
So funk proud Ænus in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-loy'd courfers lay,
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore,
Deprive'd of motion, stoi with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unrefisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.

Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
Stabb'd at the ſight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade;
O'er his ſafe head the javelin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vigorous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt;
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd every Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.

He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire:
His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he stands, nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as some column, or deep rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke
Before the ponderous stroke his corselet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound.
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain.
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
Sum Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came.
Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir,
Just born I, the third from Jupiter;

O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
'The 'Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar forces: at length decreed
'To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in 'Troy's remoteſt lines, he fought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperiour poſts in meaner hands.
'To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
'The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, 'Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
'This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace relign'd
'To tender pity all his manly mind;
'Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
'The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mount diſ's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;

[redacted]

[illegible] his hem back the bristly honours rise,
[illegible] stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes;
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
[illegible] most his hunters rouse his mighty rage.
[illegible] Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
[illegible] met the Trojan with a lowering look.
[illegible], Deipyrus, were near,
[illegible] youthful offspring of the God of war.
[illegible], and Aphareus, in field renown'd,
[illegible] these the warriour sent his voice around.
[illegible] in arms! your timely aid unite,
[illegible] great Æneas rushes to the fight.
[illegible] from a God, and more than mortal bold;
[illegible] in youth, and I in arms grown old.
[illegible] should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
[illegible] great dispute, of glory, or of life.
He spoke; and all as with one soul obey'd;
[illegible] lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
[illegible] the chief. Æneas too demands
[illegible] of his native bands.
[illegible], Deiphobus, Agenor join,
[illegible] and captains of the Trojan line)
[illegible] all th' embodied train,
[illegible] proceeding, over the plain,
[illegible] his fleecy care, creet and bold,
[illegible] the proud ram, the father of the fold.
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
[illegible] the cool fountains, through the well-known meads
[illegible] Æneas, as his native band
[illegible] on to rank, and stretches over the land.

Round

Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle rafe;
On every fide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins fling.
Above the reſt two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whiſs'd along in air,
The Cretan flew, and ſhunn'd the braſen ſpear;
Sent from an arm to ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Struck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomaus receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he fobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhower of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His lifeleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force,
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd ſlow ſteps he drags from off the field.
Deiphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin caſt:
The javelin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Alcathoüs, the brave and young:

The

The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall,
High thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate,
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize,
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear.
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain,
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends,
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew.
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſſening thunder of the war,
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſs'd, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled,
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat, the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt,

His ſhield reverſ'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield, emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,

Deep

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,

And

And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the ſand.
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The ſpear ſolicits, and the bandage bound;
A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
At once the tent and ligature ſupply'd.
Behold! Piſander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front, the warriour came.
Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Piſander through Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield;
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel;
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.

The

rce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
ff his arms, and, loud-exulting, ſaid:
ı, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
perfidious, who delight in war!
ſ noble deeds ye have perform'd,
:eſs rapt tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
bold feats your impious might approve,
ıt th' aſſiſtance, or the fear, of Jove.
ɔlated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
roes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
heap'd on crimes ſhall bend your glory down,
helm in ruins yon flagitious town.
, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
the thought of man! ſupremely wiſe!
ı thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
vhence this favour to an impious foe,
eſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
eathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
ſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
aſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
ıe ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
oy for ever reaps a dire delight
ſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
oody armour, which his train receiv'd:
udden mix'd among the warring crew,
ıe bold ſon of Pylæmenes flew,
ion had through Aſia travel'd far,
ing his martial father to the war;

Through

Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And, driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd;
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.

ad the father told his early doom,
rms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
limb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
choſe the certain, glorious path to death.
ith his ear the pointed arrow went;
oul came iſſuing at the narrow vent:
mbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.
r knew great Hector how his legions yield
ipt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
: on the left the force of Greece commands,
conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
ı ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
he * that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.
n the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
re firſt the gates were fore'd and bulwarks gain'd;
e, on the margin of the hoary deep,
ir naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
where low walls confine the beating tides,
ſe humble barrier ſcarce the foe divides;
re late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
e join'd, the whole Bœotian ſtrength remains,
proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
ians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
and great Menestheus at their head.
es the ſtrong th' Epeian bands controul'd,
Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;

The

* Neptune.

The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that (Oileus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.

Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowſhare through the fallow ſoil
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their ſour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling;
Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warriour to the ground.

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
Themingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcattering orders open to the ſhower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydames, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave:
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt:
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread.
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?

What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms reſound.
To guard this poſt (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius ſelf appear.

For

For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to woman-kind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Aſius gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate;
And great Othryoneus, ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:
But ſince yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the ſeer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires.

What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the Gods alone.
  Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthæus ſtood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then, gather'd, ſettles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mars commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous ſhield
  the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
  odding helm emits a ſtreamy ray;
  iercing eyes through all the battle ſtray,

An

And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrours round, that wither'd ev'n the ſtrong.
Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive ſhook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample ſtride,
Advanc'd the firſt, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The ſkill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boaſted city and your god-built wall
Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoaking on the ground;
And ſpread a long, unmeaſur'd ruin round,
The time ſhall come, when, chac'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſperate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warriour's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.
As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs through the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous *boaſter*; doom'd to vaunt in vain.

So may the Gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following hoſt: the Grecian train
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendours of the throne of Jove.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NESTOR, ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno, ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets-off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrengthening bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſymedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſued from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps:

While

Leave these at anchor till the coming night;
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.
  Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart!
Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in va
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sw
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fig
What more could Troy? What yet their fate
Thou giv'st the foe; all Greece becomes their pr
No more the troops (our hasted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Such was his threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conquering arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heaven aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs. If counſel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our ſouls excite;
Theſe gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now Heaven, averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;

Leave

Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes:
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart,
Oh, were thy ſway the curſe of meaner powers,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſovereign ſway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
Thou giv'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue;
But thy ſhips flying, with deſpair ſhall ſee;
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.

Thy juſt reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began:
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he ſhall ſay,
Young though he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to councils and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold ſons was generous Prothoüs bleſt,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſs'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend; and in the ſon, reſpect the ſire:

Tho'

Though ſore of battle, though with wounds oppr
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt,
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Though not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpower us qu
Beyond the miſſile javelin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: the liſtening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warriour furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke;
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame
But Heaven forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renov
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd arou
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warriour crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the labouring fiel

Such was the voice, and ſuch the thundering ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight.
Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length ſhe truſts her power; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-cloſe'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhowers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of Gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

Part

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd roun
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazzling as the lig
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddeſs mov
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cried)
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empreſs (Cytheræa ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conquering
That power, which mortals and immortals wan
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſi
And burns the ſons of Heaven with ſacred fire
For lo I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt,
What-time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,

Of upper heaven to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmile ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her *flying* foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
he ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
nd ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill:
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What-time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conquering ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore;
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings diſplay'
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove revere'd the venerable Dame.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
And, ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd-one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
The queen aſſents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean Powers,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos' ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil,
Through air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to *the neighbouring* ſkies;

Dark in embowering ſhade, conceal'd from ſight
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe lightning ſets the heavens on
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her chair
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſpor
Why comes my goddeſs from th' ætherial ſk
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe—I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and through th' aerial way
Wait under Ide: of thy ſuperior power
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (ſaid Jove) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.

Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame
Whence roſe Perithoüs like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the ſhower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the Goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies:
Is this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal ſight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The ſport of heaven, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.

She ceas'd; and, ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove
Nor god nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven hi
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurvey
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pou
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a ſoft carpet ſpread
And cluſtering lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,
And ſudden hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pai
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambroſia roun
At length, with Love and Sleep's ſoft power op
The panting Thunderer nods, and ſinks to reſt
Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour em
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhe
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Hav'd clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having ſaid, the Power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day, ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay:
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppreſt with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warriour takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His *brandiſh'd faulchion* flames before their eyes
Like lightning flaſhing through the frighted ſkies.

Clad in his might, th' Earth-ſhaking Power:
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The ſeas ſtern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks: and form'd a watery wall
Around the ſhips; ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heaven.
The firſt bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A ponderous ſtone upheaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps, laid looſe beneath the warriour's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,

Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrours of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warriour of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With covering ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When

Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gai
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the p
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſtriking through the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such, as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we victorious ſhall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly;

t they gaze around the fleet and wall,
lread the ruin that impends on all.
ighters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
-beholding, all-recording Nine!
, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
chief, what hero, firſt embrued the field?
the Grecians what immortal name,
whoſe bleſt trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
ou firſt, great Ajax; on th' enſanguin'd plain
Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
es and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew,
Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.
g Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
eucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
'd in the flank by Menelaüs' ſteel,
eople's paſtor, Hyperenor, fell;
al darkneſs wrapt the warriour round,
the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' ſon,
nighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
the leſs, of all the Grecian race
d in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the ſhips; and the Acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, ſees the Trojans repulſed from the trenches, Hector in a ſwoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incenſed at the artifice of Juno, who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions: ſhe is then ſent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the aſſembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary addreſs, to incenſe them againſt Jupiter; in particular touches Mars with a violent reſentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents. Apollo reinſpires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious ſlaughter.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

NOW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horrour in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midſt the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Reſting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke:
Ah thou, ſtill adverſe to th' Eternal Will,
Ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
Driv'n his *conquering* ſquadrons from the field.
Thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand!

Haſt thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For god-like Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt,
Him through a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
The Thunderer ſpoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd:
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain
By his own ardour, his own pity, ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels given,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of Heaven.

Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece, chac'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe:
And io! that inſtant god-like Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory *to the ſtars* to raiſe;
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan ſummit ſhot to heaven.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace;
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of Gods.
There ſat the Powers in awful ſynod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'
They hail her queen; the nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?

To whom the White-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove ſhall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threat'ned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.

The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Blank horrour ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gathering grudge in every breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt care, and lowering diſcontent.

. she proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
me he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:
e in the majesty of power controls;
s all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
ils, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
ld Ascalaphus! behold him die,
dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
it lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.
in Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
e his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
ive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
nding first to you forbidden plain,
God of battles dares avenge the slain;
, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
ld hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.
ith that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
in his rapid coursers for the fight:
, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
arg'd his wrath on half the host of heaven;
Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
s from her azure throne to calm the God.
k for th' immortal race with timely fear,
frantick Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid:
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhall Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould Heaven's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warriour to his throne;
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fountfull Ide:
There in the Father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurſe of fountains and of ſavage game);
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.

Veil'd

Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddeſs of the ſhowery bow:
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?
Th' Almighty ſpoke; the Goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy ſnows,
Drive through the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddeſs calls:
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and ſuperior ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence deſcend in arms?

Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all power is give
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
What means the haughty Sovereign of the ſkies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of Heaven.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and Heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
Awe'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.

Not but his threats with juſtice I diſdain;
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame:
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heaven's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n power immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips, and Helleſpont again;

Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—The God.
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phœbus, ſhooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrours ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thunderer ſends thee aid
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Propitious ſtill to thee, and Troy.
Warriours then with manly force,
Ships impel: thy rapid horſe;

Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chacers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops purſued,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.

Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd;
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warriour ſpoke, the liſtening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came towering to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous ſhield
'ns ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
'ove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
hoſts, and terrify mankind.

The

Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
different parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
ras the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
rrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
drink the life of generous warriours ſlain;
guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
ıg as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
ubtful Conqueſt hovering o'er the field;
hen aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
ı in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
ıorrour ſeizes every Grecian breaſt,
force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
:s a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
'ain to guard them, and no day to guide,
ı two fell lions from the mountain come,
ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
ıding Phœbus pours around them fear,
Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
great Arceſilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
ɔ the bold Bœotians ever dear,
ɔne Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
n and Iäſus, Æneas ſped;
ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
apleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
gh born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
ıiſh'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
d by the vengeance of an angry wife;
ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.

Mecyſtes

Mecyſtes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor flew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late-impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.

The

Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore the infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the ſage: th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament:
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:

Thus

Thus loudly roaring, and, o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the medicine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrours ſtrike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome favouring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.

n a ſhipwright, with Palladian art,
s the rough wood, and levels every part;
ual hand he guides his whole deſign,
uſt rule, and the directing line:
rtial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
d their line, and equal kept the war.
eeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
ry ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
e great and god-like Hector meet;
bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
s the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
ot the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
c'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
s of Clytius in his daring hand,
k approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
c'd by Telemon's huge lance expires;
ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
lector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
ch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
ere the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
e his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
ſaid, his eager javelin fought the foe:
ax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
nly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
h'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
e long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax' board,
ful ſervant to a foreign lord;

In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing fight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſtening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickeſt of th' embattled plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;

Then,

o vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
is ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.
e bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
weapon found the deſtin'd way,
eat Trojan! had renown'd that day.
was not doom'd to periſh then:
Diſpoſer of the fates of men
ve) his preſent death withſtands;
h glory due to Teucer's hands.
tretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
d the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
t, and on the duſt lay dead.
'd archer to great Ajax cries,
revents our deſtin'd enterprize;
propitious to the Trojan foe,
ny arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
pel the flight of many a dart.
ven commands it (Ajax made reply)
bow, and lay thy arrows by
no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield)
e quiver for the ponderous ſhield;
anks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
example ſhall the reſt inflame.
ey are, by long ſucceſſes vain,
r *fleet, or* ev'n a ſhip to gain,
d *ſweat*, and blood: their utmoſt might
match—no more; 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warriour wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours.
Behold, ye warriours, and exert your powers.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rouz'd the ſoul in every Trojan breaſt.
The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addreſt:
How long, ye warriours of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire diſgrace!)

How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſtening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And every kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew
(That valued life, O Phœbus! was thy care);
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlippery ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,

And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield;
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore,
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale);
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warriour falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:

Le,

Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her towery height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His generous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And ſlank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe:
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?

Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed?
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd.
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift javelin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While, conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet-untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:

The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendour round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for fame his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle every prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.

The

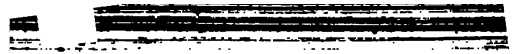
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tower
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his power:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing through every ſhrou
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears
And inſtant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes:
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
nſt Alcides, Corpreus was his ſire:

The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as generous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chac'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſperate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men: your generous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, ſhare:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you.

The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A ponderous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud:

T

Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food;
And, ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaüs bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their generous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.



THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with refcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels. Hector himſelf flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt-belov'd:
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.

Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek, and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon,
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.

If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chace her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to Fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ey'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt.

I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appeare:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd;
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

Though

Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,

Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warriour ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhower;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—the hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his falchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;

From

From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.

High

High in the midſt the great Achillius ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Hiem's ſtrand
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
First march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-deſcending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus, that eſpous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God purſued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The ſon confeſs'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong Echeclëus, bleſt in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms;
Not conſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he ſought and won the dame;
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as Achilles with ſuperior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
"Stern ſon of Peleus!" (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While, reſtleſs, raging, in your ſhips you lay)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
"Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field;
"If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words--Now, warriours, grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rouz'd the fire in every breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſtening cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thickening work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows:
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the reſt, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair.

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield:
Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!
Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But Heaven's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad high-way,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a general cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamour, and ſo keen their arms;
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriours, partners of Achilles' praiſe
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your god-like maſter let your acts proclaim
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: be br
And humble the proud monarch whom you
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he ſp
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſo
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles n
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! ſle
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which l
Unbleſt Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, ſtood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding fl
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound
The groaning warriour pants upon the grou
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlai
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy'
ear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies
heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
riumphant Greece her reſcued decks aſcend
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.

, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
r heaven's expanſe like one black ciſling ſpread,
dden the Thunderer, with a flaſhing ray,
rſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
e hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
d ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts, ſtrike the eyes;
e ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the fight,
nd all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
orc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
ow every Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
t ſtill the foremoſt bold Patroclus flew;
s Ariēlycus had turn'd him round,
harp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
he brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
he thigh tranſfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
adlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
hy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
hylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
is blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
ore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
darkneſs and in death the warriour lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
nd two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
y great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
ierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
ind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But god-like Thraſimed prevents his rage,

Betwe

Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector god-like Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhower.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terrour drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd.

Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spoke
Shock; while the madding steeds break.
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus fli
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skie
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach th
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry
Where the war bleeds, and where the thicke
Where horse, and arms, and chariots, lie o'e
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers fle
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling c
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flyi
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous forc
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate cou
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains sw

are the deluge till it meets the main;
mbling man ſees all his labours vain.
now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
wn half Troy in his reſiſtleſs way,
c'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
the ſpace where ſilver Simoïs flows,
ay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
n in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
ns the ſlaughter on the conquering bands.
onoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
l the victim of his coward fear;
up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
d to combat, nor had force to fly:
s mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
th unmanly tremblings ſhook the car;
opp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
elin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
rock that over-hangs the main,
ler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
ighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
h leſs eaſe the barbed javelin bore
ping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone,
s a rock, was by his fury thrown:
his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
irſt the helm, and cleft the head in two.

Prone to the ground the breathleſs warriour fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,
With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms:
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and, ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriours thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My god-like ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.

What

What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murmuring Powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens diſtill'd
A ſhower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The generous Pedaſus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlippery ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon, to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:

Thus

Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame, muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warriour, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſs'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſued in the purple flood.

His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-ſeeing monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,
Powerful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots through every vein,
I ſtand, unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, though diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and, ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heavenly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:

With

With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts:
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, through all her legions ſhook.
Tranſfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperiour vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And, rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the liſtening bands:
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrours of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate enobling with a croud of ghoſts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chac'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty ſtone,

Which

Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lifts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then Bathycleus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conquering ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.
Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſued at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his covering ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck, and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

Swift

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from Heaven:
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repell,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.
This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriours cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As through the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on every ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriours, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
His heavenly form defac'd with duſt and gore,

And

And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On every ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chac'd return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch'd him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horrour of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and, that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.

(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood;
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celestial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;

The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
  Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontrol'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
  Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;
When Heaven itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonoüs then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epiſtor, Melanippus, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd;
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt, diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
  Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
  Patroclus! ceaſe; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;

Thy

Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand:
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warriour, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him: What a ſhameful fight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war:
The God the Grecians' ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:

The

The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head.
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound.
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his foil derides:
Good Heavens! what active feats yon artist shes
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand
Pity, that all their practice is by land!
Then, rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles i
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
Stern Hector fastens on the warriour's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;

Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the ſylvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhower'd on darts, now round the carcaſe r
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And, ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins

Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhowering darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs, like Mars himſelf, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.

ıds thy glory! there the Fates untwine
)lack remnant of ſo bright a line;
adful ſtops thy middle way;
ıs, and Heaven allows no longer day!
! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
.aching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.

The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horrour ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear;

Retires

Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So, ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſovereign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
hy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
hough much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

" Return

"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.
Supine and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaster! cease, and know the Powers divine:
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The Gods inspire it, and it founds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Then Hector, pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:
From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?

Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay,
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh Battle, for the body of Patroclus; the Acts of Menelaus.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires, but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. The Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who puts on the armour he had won from Patr[illegible] renews the battle. The Greeks give way, [illegible] rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans, and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, borne off by Automedon. The horſes of [illegible] deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers hi[illegible] with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of A[illegible] that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to A[illegible] les, with the news of Patroclus' death: then re[illegible] to the fight, where, though attacked with the u[illegible] fury, he and Meriones, aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, [illegible] off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twenti[illegible] day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The ſon of Panthus, ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warriour deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd:
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,

Nor

Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doo
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.

Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action kn
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed:
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
through the neck appears the griſly woun
the warriour, and his arms reſound

The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead:
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling ſwains retire,
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtil with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize.
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war);
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers, of ætherial race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.

Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Death'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or, ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour Heaven beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven, I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor Heaven, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains

Of

Of his and our Patroclus.—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A ſable ſcene! The terrours Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warriour ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had ſunk each heart with terrour and diſmay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend;
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like ſhield)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield displ
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind, he stood:
Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers
Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.

Did ſuch a ſpirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as ſhould burn in every ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcaſe to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrours of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.
  The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and ſedate replied:
  Say, is it juſt (my friend) that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warriour ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax? I deſert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon ſquadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day.

If yet a Greek the fight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero 'air defend the dead.
Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.
He strode along the field; as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook,
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles' ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'ſt away:
For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The ſtubborn arms (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires;
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs, fires;
The great Theſilocus like fury found,
Afteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;

Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chace,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhauſted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain,
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fear
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number ſhall the field o'erſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war:
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempeſt direful Hector ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The braveſt Greeks: this hour demands them all.

The warriour rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the diſtreſsful ſound:

Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is given
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice ſhall reach ſo far,
All, whom I ſee not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more ſlow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circle ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriours' ſhining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hoſts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with ſuperior care,
Nor dooms his carcaſe to the birds of air.

The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telemon
(Ajax, to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame;)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore:
So through the thicket burſts the mountain-boar,
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcaſe through the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing through the ghaſtly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking, as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,

Schedius

Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warriour, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope, for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing through the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And through the wound the ruſhing entrails broke:
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to fight
(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.

But you, when Fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas, through the form aſſum'd, deſcries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day!
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſt purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warriour came,
Next thee, Afteropeus! in place and fame.
Afteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,
And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecian ſtood:
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:

Fixt on the ſpot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ætherial hoſt,
Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's ſplendours blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head;
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpſe the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horrour reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
In duſt extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
[illegible]ugh well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
[illegible]ore than Heaven had deſtin'd to his friend;
[illegible] to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
[illegible], in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
[illegible]rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
[illegible]aps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;

Curs'd

Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt!
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans ſaid,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;
Their god-like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight nor Helleſpont they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke:

Unhappy

Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! But ceaſe to mourn;
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He rafhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy through the ſtorm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.
He ſaid; and, breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd them to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
om danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
d now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
the ſeat the charioteer remains,
lies the javelin, now directs the reins:

Him

Him brave Alcimedon beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt:
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his ſide:
Lo, to my ſight, beyond our hope, reſtor'd
Achilles' car, deſerted of its lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight.
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of Venus to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds;
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn!
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind;
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow;
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean; he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn, where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding javelin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he ſhunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibration ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon diveſts, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean ſacrifice!
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome offering to thy ſhade!
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders ſent the blue-ey'd Maid.
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow
(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In ſuch a form the Goddeſs round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Aſſuming

Aſſuming Phœnix' ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls;
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What ſhame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt, in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' ſon replies)
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the Powers addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (ſoul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore
(Bold ſon of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with every lance he threw.
There ſtood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Through his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
Sonderous as he falls, his arms reſound.

Sudd

Sudden at Hector's ſide Apollo ſtood,
Like Phænops, Aſius' ſon, appear'd the God
(Aſius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main):
Oh prince (he cried) oh foremoſt once in fame!
What Grecian now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the ſame arm illuſtrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded Ide, and all the ſubject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led:
For, as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wriſt; and, raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addreſt
The flaming javelin to his manly breaſt;

The brittle point before his corſelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan ſtood,
The ſon of Priam whirl'd the miſſive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Struck to the duſt the 'ſquire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax leſs the will of Heaven deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' ſeed, the god-like Telamon:
Alas! who ſees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant though they rain,
In ſuffers every lance to fall in vain.

Defend

Deſerted of the God, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corpſe, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcued from their fates,
And ſtill hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd, to bear
The mournful meſſage to Pelides' ear;
For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not through the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In general darkneſs——Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer;
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heaven reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!
With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burſt the ſun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, Atrides! caſt around thy ſight;
If yet Antilochus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides haſtes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds;
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;

The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:
Oh guard these relicks, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the wide aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he fought, he found;
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;

This

This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd one fell;
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.

The youthful warriour heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaus stands,
(Though sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriours, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (said Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train.

Nor fear we armies, fighting ſide by ſide;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid;
High from the ground the warriours heave the c
A general clamour riſes at the ſight:
Loud ſhout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But, if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins ſh
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horrour, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldy length;

Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtil,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So theſe——Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus, when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horrour Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the intrenchments. The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's tent, on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe.
There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that Fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid: Ah! what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heaven ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warriour, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear,
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!

De

Dead is Patroclus! For his corpſe they fight,
His naked corpſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horrour ſhot through all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;
Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpoils
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hair,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and, gathering round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground.
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warriour with a warriour's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The Mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every watery name),
Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocé were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,

Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianassa, show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:
Hear me, and judge, ye Sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him; but the Fates ordain
He never, never, must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore:

I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal Mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours riſe,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame begins:
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt;
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not ev'n the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the Powers above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſued the pleaſures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch *ſorrows* paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows, ſhall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate *now* to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me.—But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove;
Far, far too dear to every mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.

Me Agamemnon rag'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt—I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friendly
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my maſter
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields,
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevel'd hair
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!——My arms, my arm
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know Achilles ſwells the tide.
My ſon (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canſt thou naked iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day.

Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the Daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train:
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer ſhouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day.

Had not high Juno, from the realms of day,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhowery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below;
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends;
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from th' etherial ſki
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead

gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
hy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know,
though unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go!
out Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
d Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
ce from one glance of that tremendous eye
l take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
e ſpoke, and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe;
egis Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
nd his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
eam of glory flam'd above his head.
hen from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
ſmokes, high-curling to the ſhaded ſkies
n from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
n men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war);
as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
k on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
h long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light;
om Achilles' head the ſplendours riſe,
cting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
h march'd the chief, and, diſtant from the croud,
on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
h her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
he loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
h ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,
ck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
the round bulwarks and thick towers reply.

So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raiſ'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While, ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warriour bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.

Silence

Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave):
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dangerous here our poſt,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains thoſe terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
But the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrours, we ſhall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What *force of thought* and reaſon can ſupply;

Let us on counſel for our guard depend.
The town, her gates and bulwarks ſhall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed guard
Array'd in arms, ſhall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thouſand circles round the plain,
Till his ſpent courſers ſeek the fleet again.
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs ſhall tear him ere he ſack the town.

Return? (ſaid Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was 't not enough, ye valiant warriours ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;
'Tis better generouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.

Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own ſenſe condemn'd, and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.
While the long night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaughtering arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp'd his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars through the deſart, and demands his young:
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When, to conſole Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair Opuntia's ſhore?

But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warriour and the friend shall find,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike.
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the dark'ning way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wafting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd wound
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke almighty Jove:
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes).
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and conſort of the thundering Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the Goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd

From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her entering! her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the wat'ry Queen addreſs'd:
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe.
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainty of the bower.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet; then, calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now, ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience given
Of works divine, (ſuch wonders are in heaven!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſate;
There, plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd, as mine?

Of

Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant, beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppreſ
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend.
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
Then, ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
To her the Artiſt-god: Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd;
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he deſign'd;
Th' unwearied ſun, the moon compleatly round;
The ſtarry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;

To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here ſacred pomp and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Through the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.

There, in the forum ſwarm a numerous train
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring, with ſceptres in their hands.
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred places,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſceptre took,
And, riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a proſpect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war,

Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperior by the head.
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glittering ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There tumult, there contention, ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With *new-made* wounds; another dragg'd a dead.

Now

A field deep-furrow'd, next, the Sum
The third time labour'd by the ſweating
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſ
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet
The hearty draught rewards, renews the
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cl
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd
And ſable look'd, though form'd of mol

Another field roſe high with waving
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-trai
Here, ſtretch'd in ranks, the level'd ſwar
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves here thicken
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow
The gatherers follow, and collect in ban
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſh
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries,

:r dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
ırl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
:r metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
les of glittering tin th' encloſure grace.
, one path-way gently-winding leads,
march a train with baſkets on their heads
aids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear
rple product of th' autumnal year.
e a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
tender lay the fate of Linus ſings;
ur'd dance behind him move the train,
oft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
gh their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
eed to meadows, on whoſe ſounding ſhores
l torrent through the ruſhes roars:
olden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
ne four dogs compleat the ruſtic band.
ons ruſhing from the wood appear'd,
:z'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withſtood;
ore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
gs (oft chear'd in vain) deſert the prey,
he grim terrours, and at diſtance bay.
this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
rough fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
ills, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
ecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
ur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
Gnoſſus; for the Cretan queen,

Form'd

Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft cymars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt.
Of thoſe the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight, they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general ſongs the ſprightly revel end.
Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warriour's uſe requires,
He forg'd; the cuiraſs that outſhines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt.
At Thetis' feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent through the ſkies.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemn

THETIS brings to her ſon the armour made by V
can. She preſerves the body of his friend from
ruption; and commands him to aſſemble the army
declare his reſentment at an end. Agamemnon
Achilles are ſolemnly reconciled: the ſpeeches,
ſents, and ceremonies, on that occaſion. Achill
with great difficulty perſuaded to refrain from the
tle till the troops have refreſhed themſelves, by
advice of Ulyſſes. The preſents are conveyed to
tent of Achilles; where Briſeïs laments over the b
of Patroclus. The hero obſtinately refuſes all re
and gives himſelf up to lamentations for his fri
Minerva deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the orde
Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance
ſcribed. He addreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and
proaches them with the death of Patroclus. On
them is miraculouſly endued with voice, and inſp
to propheſy his fate; but the hero, not aſtoniſhe
that prodigy, ruſhes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The ſcene is on the ſea-ſh

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that bluſh'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heaven with ſacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddeſs-mother bears
Swift to her ſon: her ſon ſhe finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpſe; while all the reſt
The ſovereign's ſorrows in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heavenly preſence ſhed,
And thus, his hand ſoft-touching, Thetis ſaid:
Suppreſs (my ſon) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are beſtow'd!
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around:
Back ſhrink the Myrmidons with dread ſurprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flaſh inceſſant like a ſtream of fire.

He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend;
But ah! the relicks of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit flew
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontrol'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage.
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terrour of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear.

Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the laſt:
Hettoo ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun:
  Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If, (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
  He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun:
  Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;

A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate;
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day,
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I, againſt the will of Heaven?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Até, driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of nighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſtering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon:
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.

The joyful Goddeſs from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſeven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She puſh'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid ſhe) of Jove's immortal kind
"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayers,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.

O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation what I act ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe:
Though, god-like, thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by generous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero through a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtreng
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:
But built anew with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten every band;
But let the preſents to Achilles made
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid,

The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That, ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay;
Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,
When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.
By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie;

To

Thoſe call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant, ſhould commence the fight
Then, when the day 's complete, let generous bo
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Intereſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warriour-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Though vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon pl
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wavering lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead
Enough, when death demands the brave, to p
tribute of a melancholy day.
chief with patience to the grave reſign'd
care devolves on others left behind.

Let generous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds;
Seven captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeïs, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs, ſheath'd beſide his ſword:
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.

His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs, thou firſt! thou greateſt Power above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurviving Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, Heaven all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground;
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.

Thoſe

n the tents the 'ſquires induſtrious ſpread;
aming courſers to the ſtalls they led;
ir new ſeats the female captives move:
, radiant as the Queen of Love,
s ſhe paſs'd, beheld with ſad ſurvey
, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay:
on the body fell the heavenly fair,
r ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
tutiful in grief, her humid eyes
; with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries:
youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
ender friend of my diſtracted mind!
hee freſh in life, in beauty gay!
nd thee cold, inanimated clay!
woes my wretched race of life attend!
's on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
ſt lov'd conſort of my virgin-bed
theſe eyes in fatal battle bled!
ree brave brothers in one mournful day,
od the dark, irremeable way:
riendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
ry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
es' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
rſt, the deareſt partner of his love;
ites divine ſhould ratify the band,
nake me empreſs in his native land.
t theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
ee, that ever felt another's woe!
ſiſter captives echoed groan for groan,
ourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own:

The

The leaders preſs'd the chief on every ſide;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd
If yet Achilles have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
He ſpoke, and from the warriours turn'd his f
Yet ſtill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage;
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtaid Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,

From Schyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.
  Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
  Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvass wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
  He spoke: and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs;
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
  Now issued from the ships the warrior-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſh
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fie
Broad-glittering breaſt-plates, ſpears with poin
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh t
around.

Full in the midſt, high-towering o'er the re
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;
Arms which the Father of the Fire beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the blo

The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow go
The brazen ſword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glittering at hi
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhiel
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart tl

So to night-wandering ſailors, pale with fea
Wide o'er the watery waſte, a light appears,
Which, on the far-ſeen mountain blazing higl
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tower to the
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze agai
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er tl

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behi
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence, and war;

So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wondering eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers and the radiant car
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide);
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day.
High o'er the hoſt all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podargus' ſtrain
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heavenly race in vain),
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:

Through falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaughtering ſw
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane.
When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fates: to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh Troy! he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrours of the battle deſcribed, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with a great ſlaughter.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure Siſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) ſat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the watery reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:

* Neptune.

What moves the God who heaven and earth con
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial Powers! deſcend,
And, as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heavenly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And Vulcan, the black ſovereign of the fire!
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,

Xanth

Xanthus, whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte Huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terrour of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of War.
But when the Powers deſcending ſwell'd the fight
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now through the trembling ſhores Minerva calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrours ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmoſt towers;
Now ſhouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, ſtern Neptune ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their ſummits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.

Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, leſt Neptune's arm ſhoul
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour-in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.
Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrours r
The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods conten
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain
Againſt blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Againſt Latona march'd the Son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, ſiſter of the Day
(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, Majeſty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of earth.
While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like lightning through the ranks, and vo
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.
Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warriour's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded, to the fight.

Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain:
To meet Pelides, you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From Ida's woods he chac'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus, in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day;
Elſe had I ſunk, oppreſt in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his power,
Though ſtrong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a Siſter of the Main;
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Through the thick troops th' emboldened hero preſt

His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the Powers, ſhe ſaid:
Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;
Lo great Æneas ruſhing to the war;
Againſt Pelides he directs his courſe,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let ſome Power deſcend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:
But, leſt ſome adverſe God now croſs his way,
Give him to know what Powers aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?
Thus ſhe: and thus the God whoſe force can mak
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake:
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obſtruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we ſwift deſcend;
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end;
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having ſaid, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cerulean Neptune, roſe, and led the way.

Adv

Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simoïs ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heavenly party ſate,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heavens reply.
Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With towering ſtrides Æneas firſt advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not ſo Pelides: furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,

To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail, his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize:
Sons he has many: thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious track of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtaid;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:

In

In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this Anchiſes' ſon: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth
(A tale reſounded through the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.

Boreas,

Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
Theſe, lightly ſkimming when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, ſnatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial gueſt,
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt).
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;
From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys, he
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of power and might! with boundleſs ſway
All human courage gives, or takes away.

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſehood, right or wrong
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For every man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then—Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove, our might.
To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.
He ſpoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms.
Through two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield; of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:

Thr

Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the ſlight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering ſpear:
A fate ſo near him chills his ſoul with fright;
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd ligh
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rouſing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the gro
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the Powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone,
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future Father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing Mind;

On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.
The great Earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Through all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriours flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at his maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd:
What Power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.

But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chac'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers cœleſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles. Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.

He

He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The God-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all Heaven defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' God-like ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrours of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.

Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain:
  Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
  Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel, with full-deſcending ſway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way;
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and, ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helicé's high ſhores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
  Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt);
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs, wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore,
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight;
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his javelin like a waving flame.
The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But Heaven alone confers ſucceſs in war:

Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my da
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heaven
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou haſt ſcap'd again, once more thy
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any Power aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gaſh'd th' enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world.

This difference only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age, ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs falchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warriour falls, tranſfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd; the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt the corpſe extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends,
Prone from his car the thundering chief deſcends:

The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero through the waſted ſhores:
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhowers.
As, with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor;
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out herces' ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never-dying fame!

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simoïs joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and, while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chac'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound;
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriours drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſtering legions ruſh into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.

His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide
(Which ſpreading tamariſks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to Patroclus' ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood,
The ſon of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
[illegible]e Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
[illegible]nd Eëtion touching on the ſhore,
[illegible]nſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.

Ten

Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield)
As, trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero ſaid:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field;
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he ſpake, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhivering at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound,
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground,

And while, above, the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart,
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam and Laothöe fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd):
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For, ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terrour ſhall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
[illegible] the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
[illegible]s, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
[illegible] words, attended with a ſhower of tears,
[illegible]ith addreſt to unrelenting ears;

Talk

Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?"
See'ſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he ſaid; and, as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear:
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand;
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corpſe, and ſuck thy gory wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy funerals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe every wave ſome watery monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.

So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worſhip'd ſtre
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.
  Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to reſcue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great Aſteropeus to mortal war;
The ſon of Pelagon, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of Axis, ſtream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
  What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the ſire
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.
  O ſon of Peleus! what avails to trace
(*Reply*'d the warriour) our illuſtrious race?

From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threatening he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance
(For both his dextrous hands the lance could wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear, in vain;
But as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
O'er the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
Radiant armour tearing from the dead:

So ends thy glory? Such the fate they prove,
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a river, didſt thou boaſt thy line?
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.

He ſaid; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathleſs warriour in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſt
Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſius flew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell
from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
ander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound:

O firſt of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
In human form confeſs'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay:
Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O Son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain—the chief without diſmay
Ploughs through the boiling ſurge his deſperate way.
Then, riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.

While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thundering ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Sliddering, and ſtaggering. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly; Achilles ſprings
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
[illegible] waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
ther faſt, and murmur at his heels.
en a peaſant to his garden brings
lls of water from the bubbling ſprings,

And

And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bowers,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him ſcattering, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
  Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the ſurge, in watery mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil:
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan:
  Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.

Oh! had in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some weak swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a
An unregard
Neptune a relief,
And thus the chief.
The power ear thy fear,
O son of Pel pear!
Behold! fro thy aid,
Propitious Ne the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

His

High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to Simoïs: Haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God;
Our braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy watery ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how reſiſtleſs through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
Such ponderous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall e'er his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves.

At every ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid:
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern and the weſtern wind:
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.
Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamariſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The watery willows hiſs before the fire.

Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death;
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the ſcaly fry,
Or, gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the God he ſaid:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoke aſpires:
So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river ſends his earneſt prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods aſſert the cauſe of Troy.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
Till Greece ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the Trojan name.

His warm intreaty touch'd Sat
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal
Infeſt a God: th' obedient flame
Again, the branching ſtreams beg
And ſoft re-murmur in their wor

While theſe by Juno's will the
The warring Gods in fierce conte
Re-kindling rage each heavenly h
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th'
Heaven in loud thunder bids the
And wide beneath them groans t
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſc
And views contending Gods with
The Power of Battles lifts his br
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Que

What mov'd thy madneſs, thus
Ætherial minds, and mix all Hea
What wonder this, when in thy
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a
Thy impious hand Tydides' javel
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial g

He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-r
Which bears Jove's thunder on it
The adamantine ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt and
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her
A ſtone, the limit of the neighbo
There fix'd from eldeſt times; bl
This at the heavenly homicide

Thundering he falls, a maſs of monſtrous ſize;
And ſeven broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful dame her conqueſt views with ſmiles,
And, glorying, thus the proſtrate God reviles.
  Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
  The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.
This the bright Empreſs of the heavens ſurvey'd,
And, ſcoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:
  Lo! what an aid on Mars's ſide is ſeen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if ſhe dares, purſue.
  Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell (her ſpirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread;
And like theſe heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!

To

To Grecian Gods ſuch let the Phrygians be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd—
Thus ſhe; and Juno with a ſmile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What ſloth hath ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the ſound?
Shall, ignominious, we with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age:
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Haſt thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were Jove's commands)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
[illegible] he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
[illegible]'d us exiles far in barbarous lands.
[illegible]we heavenward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
[illegible]'d vengeance on the perjur'd king.

Doſt

Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infeſt the faithleſs race;
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the ſenior Power ſubmiſs retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the ſylvan ſhades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more, in yon celeſtial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-ſhaking Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not ſo Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What inſolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majeſty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart,
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?

What though, tremendous in the wood and chace,
Thy certain arrows pierce the ſavage race?
How dares thy raſhneſs on the Powers divine
Employ thoſe arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts with eager rage;
Theſe in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcattering arrows, rattling from the caſe,
Drop round, and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.
To her, Latona haſtes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heaven with night
Go, matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: Latona, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then ſwift purſued her to her bleſt abode,
Where all-confus'd ſhe ſought the ſovereign G

Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The Sire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while, ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire.
Through blood, through death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles: death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtep, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls.

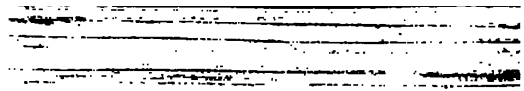
You, to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
et wide your portals to the flying throng;
'or lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
And, gladſome, ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave)
In aid of him, beſide the beach he ſate,
And, wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of Fa
When now the generous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions ri
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll);
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul

* Apollo.

What, ſhall I fly this terrour of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rouz'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;

Though ſtruck, though wounded, ſcarce perceiv
pain;
And the barb'd javelin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd, the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he ſtood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils, remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gor
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The God-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape,

Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.



THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being ſafe within the walls, Hector only ſtays to oppoſe Achilles. Priam is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his reſolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles purſues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva deſcends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the ſhape of Deïphobus; he ſtands the combat, and is ſlain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the ſight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; ſhe mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead huſband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her excels of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians ruſh like driven deer;
There ſafe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan-towers.
Great Hector ſingly ſtaid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power confeſt in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day!
To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
How few in Ilion elſe had refuge found!
What gaſping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly ſtrain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and ſtrong,
With high and haughty ſteps he tower'd along.
So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field,
The careful eyes of Priam firſt beheld.
Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight,
Through the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his reverend head, now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;
The ſon, reſolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt, braveſt ſon!

Methinks

hinks already I behold thee ſlain,
l ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
lacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
all the Gods no dearer than to me!
e, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
l bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
r many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
ant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
ſhameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
), while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
o from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
l lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
at heaps of gold, what treaſures, would I give!
ieir grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
ſign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
if (which Heaven forbid) already loſt,
pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt,
at ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
at anguiſh I! unutterable woe!
leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
l ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!
thy dear life; or, if a ſoul ſo brave
lect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave,
, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
ile yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
curſt with ſenſe! a wretch whom in his rage
l trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)

Greeks

Great Jove has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd;
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate
(Dire pomp of ſovereign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck through with wounds, all honeſt, on the breſt.
But when the Fates, in fullneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſtarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid; and, acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid:

Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah, do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But, by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Shouldſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhouldſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul;
Reſolv'd he ſtands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood; and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamus before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight!

That

That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuffering country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear;
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No—if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:
Or, if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warriour-ſhield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife withheld, the treaſure ill-detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace?
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our buſineſs; but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that determine Heaven!
Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high.

Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
on his breaſt the beamy ſplendors ſhone
Jove's own lightning, or the riſing ſun:
Hector ſees, unuſual terrours riſe,
ck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
eaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
illes follows like the winged wind.
s at the panting dove a falcon flies
e ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)
when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
quely wheeling through th' aërial way,
h open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
l aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings.
leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
r circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
ere the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
r where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad
wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
t by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
ere two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;
s hot through ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
h exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
it, the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
e cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.
h guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
oſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
ere Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
ſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

By theſe they paſs'd, one cha
(The mighty fled, purſued by
Swift was the courſe; no vul
No vulgar victim muſt reward
(Such as in races crown the ſp
The prize contended was grea

As when ſome hero's funer
In grateful honour of the mig
Where high rewards the vigo
(Some golden tripod, or ſome
The panting courſers ſwiftly
And with them turns the rais
Thus three times round the T
The gazing Gods lean forwar
To whom, while eager on the
The Sire of mortals and imm

Unworthy ſight! the man b
Behold, inglorious round yon
My heart partakes the generou
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hec
Whoſe grateful fumes the Go
From Ida's ſummits, and the
Now ſee him flying! to his fe
And Fate, and fierce Achilles
Conſult, ye Powers! ('tis wo
Whether to ſnatch him from i
Or let him bear, by ſtern Peli
(Good as he is) the lot impos

Then Pallas thus: Shall
The forky bolt, and blacke

long one Trojan's forfeit breath!
iortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
murmurs fill the courts above?
dignant blame their partial Jove?
(return'd the Sire) without delay,
ill: I give the Fates their way.
e mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
gh the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
reath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
ries the covert of the brakes,
reath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
vapour in the tainted dews,
hound his various maze purſues.
by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
: Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
ach the Dardan gates he bends,
th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
wering arrows, as he cours'd below,
igh turrets might oppreſs the foe)
illes turns him to the plain:
: city, but he eyes in vain.
ſlumber ſeem with ſpeedy pace
ſue, and one to lead the chace,
ng limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
n fly, nor that can overtake:
labouring heroes pant and ſtrain;
but flies, and this purſues, in vain.
od, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?

Pho

By these they pass'd, one chacing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, purſued by ſtronger might):
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy fleſh):
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when ſome hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame);
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectators' ſoul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke:
Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with j
From Ida's ſummits, and the towers of Troy
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debat
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe venge
ky bolt, and blackens heaven with

ill he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
many a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
d will no murmurs fill the courts above?
Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then, (return'd the Sire) without delay,
ert thy wish: I give the Fates their way.
ift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
id ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As through the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
ne well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
re of the vapour in the tainted dews,
ne certain hound his various maze purſues.
us, ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
here ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
t as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
nd hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
Whoſe ſhowering arrows, as he cours'd below,
rom the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
s oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
e eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
s men in ſlumber ſeem with ſpeedy pace
ne to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
heir ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
for this can fly, nor that can overtake:
lo leſs the labouring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues, in vain.
What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?

Phœbus

Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endued his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with po
And great Achilles, left ſome Greek's advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the w
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor fligl
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial Dame
r face, her geſture, and her arms, the ſame)
ow and aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide
roach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely

Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight.
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight;
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke:
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſued.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.

(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the wonder'd oath!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
Strip't of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece unhurt I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods! one constant hate
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
'Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow;
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrour sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
'Tis so: Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me: Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the sun of Jove.

Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quivering hare.
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at every ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And, as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warriour's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warriour lies,
While thus, triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries:

At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you [feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile power,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew;
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He cea's'd. The Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes fixed at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
Die thou the first! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
"Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!

Since

Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire deſtroyer to our arms has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte, ye powers!
See, if already their deſerted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himſelf and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted through the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.

Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And in his parents' ſight now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey:
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſperate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk you none)
And bow before the murderer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.

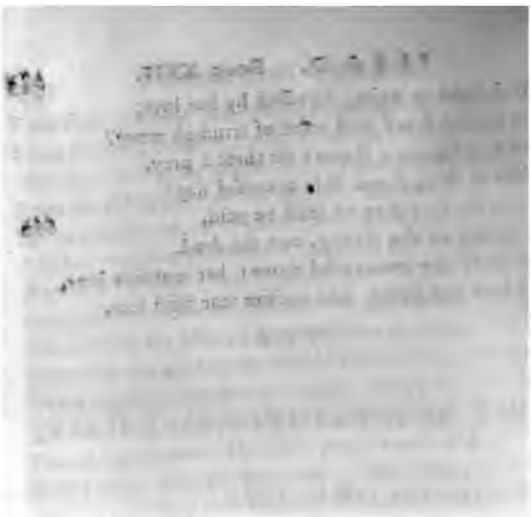
He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me and all my race);
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrours, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corpse! inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.

Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls:
Ah, follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive n
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart;
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
he ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
s in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
through the dome (the maids her ſteps purſ
mounts the walls, and ſends around her vi

Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes;
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day):
Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her, ſinking, with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's ſhade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the ſame!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd;
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt;
Thou, to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!

Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the fad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread;
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs, they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here."
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my fad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,
And when ſtill evening gave him up to reſt,
Sunk in ſoft down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Wept—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion call
Aſtyanax, from her wall-guarded walls,
Ill now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy conſort's care,

Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.
So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.



THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt, he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where, falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions o which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antag niſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The ni following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achil the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burn it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. Scene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THUS, humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Through the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.
For ſuch a warriour Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:

His ſlaughtering hands, yet red with blood, h
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſ
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpi
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler crie
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warriour went
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conquering hands from hoſtile g
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſw

No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair:
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warriour's funeral pile prepare.
And bid the foreſts fall (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumbering in eternal ſhade).
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagued ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chace around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When, lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came;
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleeps Achilles (thus the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tendereſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then the ſpirit finds no reſting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known;
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and God-like thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;

But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and, ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the ſhock'd axles bound.

But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n them) to the ſandy ſhore;
There, on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;

That

ſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
l ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
n, ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
roll'd his eye around the watery waſte:
erchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
ghtful roll along my native coaſt!
whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
ſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
re to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
where in ſhade of conſecrated bowers
altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flowers!
ow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
more Achilles ſees his native plain:
at vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
oclus bears them to the ſhades below.
hus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
is cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
: more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
now the ſun had ſet upon their woe;
to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief:
igh, Atrides! give the troops relief:
it the mourning legions to retire,
let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
tid: the people to their ſhips return;
le thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
with a riſing pyramid the plain.
ndred foot in length, a hundred wide,
growing ſtructure ſpreads on every ſide;

High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he threatening: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain;
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heavenly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,

And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide, Achilles ſtood in prayer,
Invok'd the Gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the bluſtering brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites:
Not ſo (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And Heaven is feaſting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North, to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.
Swift as the word ſhe vaniſh'd from their view:
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd;
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke:

kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
let us quench the yet remaining flame
ı ſable wine; then (as the rites direct)
hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
ırt, and eaſy to be known, they lie
ılſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
reſt around the margin will be ſeen
iiſcuous, ſteeds and immolated men).
e, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
e let them reſt, with decent honour laid,
I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
ntime erect the tomb with pious hands,
ımmon ſtructure on the humble ſands;
after Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
late poſterity record our praiſe.
ıe Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
e o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
, the white bones his ſad companions place,
h tears collected, in the golden vaſe.
ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
t done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
ı in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed:
iſing earth, memorial of the dead.
he ſwarming populace the chief detains,
l leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;
re plac'd them round: then from the ſhips proceeds
ain of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,

Vaſes

Vaſes and tripods (for the funeral games)
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe:
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train:

"Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain
(A race unrival'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd).
But this no time our vigour to diſplay;
Nor ſuit with them the games of this ſad day;
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand;
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.

Fi

r'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
far the firſt, Eumelus, hopes the prize,
'd through Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
h equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
ſteeds of Troe beneath his yoke compell'd
iich late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
:n ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
a Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
the fam'd courſer of the king of kings:
)m rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),
ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
he her name) at home to end his days;
wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
: him Antilochus demands the courſe,
h beating heart, and chears his Pylian horſe.
:rienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
:ts his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
prudent ſon with unattending ears:
y ſon! though youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
une and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
t round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
;uide thy conduct, little precept needs;
ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
not thy rivals, though for ſwiftneſs known;
pare thoſe rivals' judgment, and thy own:
not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.

'Tis more by art, than force of numerous ſtrokes,
The dextrous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe who truſt in chariots and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, though with inferiour ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race):
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
ot to break the car, or lame the horſe)
f the ſtony heap direct the courſe;

Le

Or, through incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
joy to others, a reproach to me.
But ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
The fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe
Roll'd in his helmet, thoſe Achilles throwe).
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champaign thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:

The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguiſh to ſurvey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
Ir revers'd came rattling on the field;
headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
On the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;

His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs, vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the venturous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.

Atrides, trembling, caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The floundering courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt through frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſate: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,

And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right:)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest-eyed,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at first, unrival'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!

Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the prize.
He ſaid: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' god-like ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, ſhould others thus offend
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a ſtream of duſt the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.

Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſued, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferiour ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon:
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not Heaven by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.

If yet (distinction to thy [illegible])
And please a soul desirous to [illegible]
Some gift must grace Eumelus, [illegible]
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining [illegible]
An ample present let him thence receive;
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.
But this my prize I never shall forego
This, who but touches, warriours! is my foe.
Thus spoke the youth; nor did his words offend,
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore)
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver shine
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.
He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtai
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
[illegible]ou, O Grecians! be my wrong decl
[illegible] a leader shall our conduct blame,
[illegible]lge me envious of a rival's fame.

But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.

So ſpoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:

Still may our ſouls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.

Raſh heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt, Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy priſtine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.

He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprafium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in every ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Anceus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by Neſtor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Though once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by generous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);

Rejoi

Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles, riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke.
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd, bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know;

Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound.
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great Mecifiheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wounds,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Whoſe arms ſupport him reeling through the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſts he lies, and loſt to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous ſtrife propoſe,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wintery wind and howling ſtorms,
Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on the centre ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from every pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could Ulyſſes, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.

While

While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and, ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground.
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t'evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtruck: the giant fell ſupine;
Ulyſſes, following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run rattling through the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdued of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain:
Nor weary out your generous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have proved ſo well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd;
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;

Whence

Whence Tyrian ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him deſcended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon ſpar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's funeral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.
Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train—
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.
The hero ſaid, and, ſtarting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, Neſtor's ſon, the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All ſtart at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulyſſes, meaſuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
treads each footſtep ere the duſt can riſe:
lowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays;
dmiring Greeks loud acclamations raiſe:
m they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
Id ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.

Now

Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought deſcends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax ſtumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the ſlippery ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore
(The ſelf-ſame place, beſide Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn Ulyſſes' rich reward.
Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addreſt:
Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddeſs was my foe;
She urg'd her favorite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.
Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputtering dirt and gore;
A burſt of laughter echo'd through the ſhore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt:
Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to Ajax I muſt yield the prize:
He to Ulyſſes, ſtill more ag'd and wiſe

(A greet

(A green old-age, unconſcious of
That prove the hero *born in better*
Behold his vigour in this *active* race
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? *He*
Muſt yet be more than hero, *more*
Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech: P
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better p
Nor Greece in vain ſhall hear thy fri
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt ad
The ſon of Neſtor, worthy of his ſire.
Next theſe; a buckler, ſpear, and helm,
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen ring
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wor
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cr
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſts before our army's fight
And, ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to f
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore
The ſword Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of g
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide
For each brave champion, when the comba
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up-roſe great Tydeus
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
adful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
ıg they meet, tremendous to the ſight;
rgive boſom beats with fierce delight.
in arms not long they idly ſtood,
ce they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
us paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
h the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
s the foe: his javelin aim'd above
ckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
ɔece now trembling for her hero's life,
are the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
l the victor's due Tydides gains,
im the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
of iron (an enormous round):
weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
om the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
ighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
ɔm his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
ınt by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
his ſpoils this memorable load.
ɜ, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
ach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
ı whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe;
irtheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
ɜ one, enrich'd with large domain
ns for flocks, and arable for grain,
tock of iron needs that man provide;
ds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd

From hence: nor aſk the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Up roſe great Ajax; up Epëus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leontes next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of God-like Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the diſcus ſung:
Far as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Thoſe who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound).
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon fluttering bird, ſhall bear
two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
ingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
id: experienc'd Merion took the word;
ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
eir lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.

Swift

Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heaven diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And, following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it through the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt;
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the funeral games, Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.

Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.
With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid:
Thee firſt in virtue, as in power ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying Skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with ſuperiour care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corpſe his golden ſhield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:
E'er ſince that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt (reward obſcene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke;
To Heaven aſſembled, thus Apollo ſpoke:
Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims ſlain!
And, can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride;

Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, inſatiate, the commiſſion given
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth, inſenſible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame;
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddeſs by a man's embrace
(A Goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus given,
A man divine, and choſen friend of Heaven).
To grace thoſe nuptials from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this minſtrel-God
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then

Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the ſame.
But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deſerves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay);
Nor ever from our ſmoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
Howe'er, by ſtealth to ſnatch the corpſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corpſe to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the meſſage flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves reſound);
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſs'd the Goddeſs through the cloſing wave,
Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſacred cave:
[illegible]lac'd amidſt her melancholy train
[illegible]e-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)

Penſive

Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her God-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow,
Ariſe! O Thetis, from thy ſeats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the Dame repli
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly ſight?
Ah, may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they foun
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face
(Minerva, riſing, gave the Mourner place);
Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'erc
Maternal ſorrows; long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;

'Twas voted, Hermes from his God-
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we w
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corpſe r
And to his conqueſt add this glory m
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too fa
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow,
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe:
Mindleſs of food, or love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain?
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;

Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain:
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ranſom given,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
Haſte, winged Goddeſs! to the ſacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his ſon;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And ſwift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from ſight; with frantic hands he ſpread
A ſhower of aſhes o'er his neck and head.

From room to room his penſive daughters roa
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of T
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus, in whiſpers, greets his trembling
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee lea
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car comma
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger,
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo bra
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepa
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;
There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay;
His pious ſons the king's command obey.
Then paſs'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treaſures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to

nhappy conſort of a king diſtreſt!
ake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
w deſcend the meſſenger of Jove,
o bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
ake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
corpſe of Hector, at yon navy, ſlain.
me thy thought: my heart impels to go
ough hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
he haory monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Hecuba renews, and then replies:
! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
l where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind;
ough Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
r all confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown?
ly to paſs through hoſts of foes! to face
heart of ſteel!) the murderer of thy race!
view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
ſe hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
s! my Lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
l what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
rave! ſo many fall'n! To calm his rage,
l were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
pent in this ſad palace, let us give
rief, the wretched days we have to live.
ill for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
his own and to his parents' woe!
, from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!
deareſt blood might I allay
and theſe barbarities repay!

py

For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose br
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man).
'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer, had been obey'd.
A preſent Goddeſs brought the high command,
I ſaw, I heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;
And laſt a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the ſad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train;

In

In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
O ſend me, Gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his numerous line:
Inglorious ſons, of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe, remain!
Meſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troileus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,

And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſs'd with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Power divine)

l in her right, before the steeds she stands,
: thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
ake this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
race restore thee to our roof and arms.
, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
en, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
r to that God, who high on Ida's brow
eys thy desolated realms below,
winged messenger to send from high,
l lead thy way with heavenly augury:
the strong sovereign of the plumy race
wer on the right of yon ætherial space,
ign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
ldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
t if the God his augury denies,
ppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
'Tis just (said Priam) to the Sire above
raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?
spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
ie purest water of the living spring
(er ready hands the ewer and bason held);
ien took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
lifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
Oh first, and greatest! Heaven's imperial Lord!
lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
stern Achilles now direct my ways,
d teach him mercy when a father prays.
such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
y *sacred bird*, celestial augury!

Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtreteh'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controls,
And through ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his flow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
: woes of miſerable man.
Hermes: Thou whoſe conſtant cares
mortals, and attend their prayers;

Behold

Behold an object to thy charge confign'
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the fire; th' obſerving foe p
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions bi
And mounts incumbent on the wings of
That high, through fields of air, his fligh
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy wa
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely lin
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What-time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots ſtopping at the ſilver ſpring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Through the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
I mark ſome foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For, much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel. Is it beſt to fly?
r, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
e grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accoſts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt through the night?
Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, ſo numerous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide;
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread:
From me no harm ſhall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my ſon! (the God-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The ſacred meſſenger of Heaven reply'd);
But ſay, convey'ſt thou through the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand:
'd, perchance, to leave thy native land?
t thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain;
tchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain?

The

cing, alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
arch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
ow ſo well how God-like Hector dy'd?
riam ſpoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
empt me, father, and with pity touch:
ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
: theſe eyes that God-like Hector view'd
ous fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
m when, like Jove, his flames he toſt
ſand ſhips, and wither'd half an hoſt:
ut help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
convey'd us from our native place;
is my ſire, an honour'd name,
thyſelf, and not unknown to fame:
his ſons, by whom the lot was caſt
our prince, it fell on me, the laſt.
h this quarter my adventure falls:
the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
they ſit, impatient to engage,
ce their rulers check their martial rage.
thou art of ſtern Pelides' train
urnful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
me truly, where, oh! where are laid
dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
s diſmember'd (on the naked plains)
nmangled reſt his cold remains?
ur'd of the Skies! (thus anſwer'd then
that mediates between Gods and men)

Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All freſh he lies, with every living grace,
Majeſtical in death! No ſtains are found
O'er all the corpſe, and clos'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heaven, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
  Thus ſpoke to Priam the celeſtial guide;
And joyful thus the royal ſire reply'd:
Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love;
Thoſe who inhabit the Olympian bower
My ſon forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's ſake;
And, while the favouring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
hom the latent God: O King, forbear
ny youth, for apt is youth to err:
abſent from my prince's ſight,
in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?

What from our maſter's intereſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at the bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God, that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round:
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unſeen, through all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
And, fenc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the power of Gods!) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,

And

And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the Meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly:
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the Sky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt:
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And, proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears,
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embrued
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſued for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:

aus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurprize;
ll mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
ch look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
ll thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
hink of thy father's age, and pity mine!
me, that father's reverend image trace,
hoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
is trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
l all my equal, but in miſery!
et now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
xpels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
hink, from ſome powerful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
nd beg protection with a feeble cry.
et ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
e hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
nd, hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
ay ſend him thee, to chace that foe away.
o comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
he beſt, the braveſt, of my ſons are ſlain!
et what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
he pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
ineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
ow oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
till one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
is father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
im too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
nhappy, in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, through hoſtile camps I bend my way,
or him, thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;

Large

Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Though not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſovereign miſery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon, deplore:
But great Achilles different paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs through the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhower began; 64
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man:
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known
Happy prince! thus guardleſs and alone

pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
ven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
trength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
then: let reason mitigate our care:
mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
is, alas! the Gods' severe decree:
y, only they, are blest, and only free.
o urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
source of evil one, and one of good;
m thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
flings to these, to those distributes ills;
most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
rsued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
he happiest, taste not happiness sincere;
t find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
ho more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
hat stars concurring blest his natal hour!
realm, a Goddess, to his wishes given;
ac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
e evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
race succeeding to imperial sway;
only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
fall untimely in a foreign land.
e him, in Troy, the pious care decline
his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
ou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
riches once, in children once, excell'd;

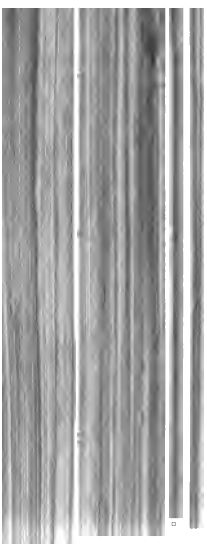
Extended

Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live, to ſuffer more!
To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corpſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from Troy
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes);
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy Hector, I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame);
Nor com'ſt thou but by Heaven: nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.

[illegible]; left, neglectful of high Jove's command,
[illegible]w thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
[illegible]aſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
[illegible] ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
[illegible]he ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
[illes, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
[illegible]omedon and Alcimus attend
[illegible]hom moſt he honour'd ſince he loſt his friend);
[illegible]eſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
[illegible]d led the hoary herald to the tent;
[illegible]t heap'd on high the numerous preſents bear
[illegible]reat Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
[illegible]o ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
[illegible]ey leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
[illegible]en call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
[illegible] waſh the body and anoint with oil,
part from Priam; left th' unhappy ſire,
[illegible]ovok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
[illegible]he ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age,
[illegible]or Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
[illegible]his done, the garments o'er the corpſe they ſpread;
[illegible]chilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
[illegible]hen, while the body on the car they laid,
[illegible]: groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade:
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
[illegible]e deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
[illegible]eſtoring Hector) Heaven's unqueſtion'd will.
[illegible]e gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
[illegible] grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.

He ſaid; and, entering, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him reverend Priam ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equal'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe, Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone):
The Gods themſelves at length, relenting, gave
ppy race the honours of a grave.
rock (for ſuch was Heaven's high will)
deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;
nd the bed whence Acheloüs ſprings,
/ Fairies dance in mazy rings,

ere high on Sipylus's ſhaggy brow
ſtands, her own ſad monument of woe;
rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
uch griefs, O king! have other parents known;
ember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
ſhall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
d all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
e ſaid, and, riſing, choſe the victim ewe
th ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
e limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
ill ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
ch on the coals the ſeparate morſels lays,
nd, haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
ith bread the glittering caniſters they load,
hich round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
e chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
nd each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
hen now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
he wondering hero eyes his royal gueſt:
o leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
is god-like aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
ere youthful grace and noble fire engage;
nd there, the mild benevolence of age.
hus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke:
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
y careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
or, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
y hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;



Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping
My only food my ſorrows and my
Till now, encourag'd by thy grac
I ſhare thy banquet, and confume

With that, Achilles bade prep
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy car
Forth, by the flaming lights, they
And place the couches, and the c
Then he: Now, father, ſleep, bu
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive m
Left any Argive (at this hour aw
To aſk our counſel, or our orders
Approaching ſudden to our open
Perchance behold thee, and our g
Should ſuch report thy honour'd
The king of men the ranſom mig
But ſay with ſpeed, if aught of t
Remains unaſk'd; what time the
To inter thy Hector? For, ſo lon
Our ſlaughtering arm, and bid th

If then thy will permit (the m
To finiſh all due honours to the
This, of thy grace accord: to th
The fears of Ilion clos'd within

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
Ill then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
ne old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
here fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
pects her hero with desiring arms.
t in the porch, the king and herald rest;
dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
w Gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
dustrious Hermes only was awake,
e king's return revolving in his mind,
pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
e Power descending hover'd o'er his head:
d sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
w dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
y presence here should stern Atrides see,
y still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
y offer all thy treasures yet contain,
spare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Vak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
d rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
d moves in silence through the hostile land.
ten now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
anthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
e winged Deity forsook their view,
d in a moment to Olympus flew.
w shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
ung through the gates of light, and gave the day:

Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilion* go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
  Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons, of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
  In throngings crouds they iſſue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day:
But god-like Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
  The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide.

n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait;
ey weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
elancholy choir attend around,
ith plaintive ſighs, and muſick's ſolemn ſound:
ternately they ſing, alternate flow
' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
hile deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
ſtil nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.
Firſt to the corpſe the weeping conſort flew;
ound his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
nd, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! ſhe cries,
atch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
hou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
nd I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
n only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
d product now of hapleſs love, remains!
ever to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
with increaſing graces glad my eyes;
or Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
hall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
ho now protects her wives with guardian care?
ho ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
ow hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er
Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
hou too, my ſon! to barbarous climes ſhalt go,
he ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
riven hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
ondemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
r elſe ſome Gr ther preſt the plain,
de; r ſon, or brot ector ſlain;

In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which, ſadly
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part:
Oh thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpſe was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain);
Ungenerous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair, as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below!

Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries:
Ah, deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the authoreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe:—
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

He ſpoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe;
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

THE END OF THE ILIAD.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

WE have now paſſed through the Iliad, and ſeen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects it, at an end: as that only was the ſubject of the em, and the nature of epic poetry would not per- it our author to proceed to the event of the war, it ay, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to ve a ſhort account of what happened to Troy and e chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion f it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken ſoon after e death of Hector, by the ſtratagem of the wooden orſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by Virgil the ſecond book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by e ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophe- ed at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the on of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a conteſt ith Ulyſſes for the armour of Vulcan; but, being de- eated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus is brother; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, order to reconcile herſelf to Menelaüs, her firſt uſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarouſly mur- ered by Ægyſtus, at the inſtigation of Clytemneſtra,

his wife, who, in his abſence, had diſhonour'd his bed with Ægyſtus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at laſt was received by Daunus in Apulia, and ſhared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos his native country.

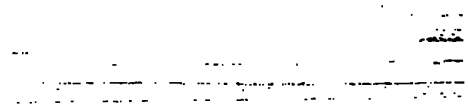
Ulyſſes alſo, after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to Ithaca, which is the ſubject of Homer's Odyſſeys.

I muſt end theſe remarks by diſcharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indiſpenſable piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: the merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the taſk they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations, were ſent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole eſſay upon Homer was written, upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

Fa

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ce-
monies of taking leave at the end of my work; and
om embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences
r apologies about it. But, inſtead of endeavouring to
iſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or diffi-
ulties of it (which muſt be left to the world, to truth,
nd to poſterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of
ıy friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as
ell as fineſt writers, of my age and country: one who
as tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard
n undertaking it is to do juſtice to Homer: and one,
ho (I am ſure) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period
f my labours. To him therefore, having brought this
ong work to a concluſion, I deſire to dedicate it; and
o have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing toge-
her, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE,
nd of

MARCH 25, 1720. A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐποιΐα — τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεσχέθην, εἰ ἠσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐόδως προϊόντα.

M. AUREL. ANTON. de ſeipſo, l. i. § 14.